

A N
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Mr. Pulteney.

To which is added, A NEW EPITAPH.



L O N D O N:

Printed in the Year MDCCXXXIX.

(*Price Six-Pence.*)

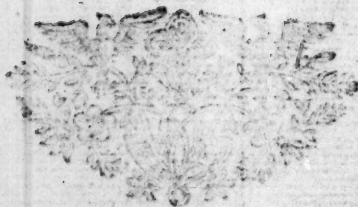
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IV I

REMOTE from *Liberty and Truth*,
By Fortune's Crime, my early Youth
Drank *Error's* poison'd Springs :
Taught by *dark Creeds and Mystick Law*,
Wrapt up in reverential Awe,
I bow'd to *Priests and Kings*.
B

II.

Soon *Reason* dawn'd, with troubled Sight,
I caught the *Glimpse* of *painful Light*,
Afflicted and afraid;
Too weak it shone, to mark my Way,
Enough to tempt my Steps to *stray*
Along the *dubious Shade*.

III.

Restless I roam'd, when from afar
Lo! *Hooker* shines the *friendly Star*,
Sends forth a steady Ray:
Thus cheer'd, and eager to pursue,
I mount, till glorious to my View,
Locke spreads the *Realms* of *Day*.

IV.

Now warm'd with Noble *Sydney's* Page,
I pant with all the Patriot's Rage,
Now wrapt in *Plato's* Dream,
With *More* and *Harrington* around,
I tread fair *Freedom's* Magick Ground,
And trace the flatt'ring Scheme.

V.

But soon the beauteous Vision flies,
And horrid Spectres now arise,
Corruption's direful Bane!
The partial Judge perverting Laws,
The Priest forsaking *Virtue's* Cause,
And *Senates* Slaves to Gain.

VI.

In vain, the pious Artist's Toil
Would raise to Heav'n a mortal Pile
On some immortal Plan:
Within a sure, tho' varying Date,
Confin'd, alas! is ev'ry State
Of Empire and of Man.

VII.

What tho' the Brave, the Good, the Wise,
With adverse Force undaunted rise,
To break th' Eternal Doom ;
Tho' *Cato* liv'd, tho' *Tully* spoke,
Tho' *Brutus* dealt the *Godlike Stroke*,
Yet perish'd Fated *Rome*.

VIII.

To ^{swell} ~~some~~ some future Tyrant's Pride,
Great *Fleury* pours the Golden Tide
On *Gallia's* smiling Shores :
Once more her Fields shall thirst in vain
For wholesome Streams of *honest Gain*,
While *Rapine* wastes her Stores.

IX.

Yet Glorious is the *Great Design* !
And such, O *Pult'ney* ! such is thine,
To prop a Nation's Frame :
If crush'd beneath the *sacred Weight*,
The Ruins of a *Falling State*
Shall tell the *Patriot's Name*.

FINIS.

What tho' the Brave, the Good, the Wise,
With steady hand, and steady eye,
To break the iron bond,
The iron hold, the iron hold,
The iron hold, the iron hold,
The iron hold, the iron hold,

To break the iron bond,
To break the iron bond,
To break the iron bond,
To break the iron bond,
To break the iron bond,
To break the iron bond,

Yea, O Honor, is the Great
And thou, O Great, is the Great
To break the iron bond,
To break the iron bond,
To break the iron bond,
To break the iron bond,

THE END